UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Ending Poverty in California

Robert Brownell

The Religion of Solidarity - *Edward Bellamy*

Kidnapping vs. Lynching *Luther Marion Fuller*

American Writers: A Plea - - *E. J. Craine*

Book Reviews by: *Mortimer Brewster Smith—Haridas T. Muzumdar — Emanuel Sternheim—James A. Fairley—William D. Allen —R. C. Schaller.*

VOLUME CXIII NUMBER 7

Chicago, May 28, 1934

PRICE TEN CENTS

UNITY

Established 1878

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

Published Bi-Weekly *Subscription $3.00*
Until Further Notice *Single Copies 10 cents*

UNITY PUBLISHING CO., Abraham Lincoln Centre, 700 Oakwood Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
"Entered as Second-Class Matter November 15, 1933, at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under Act of March 3, 1879."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES, *Editor* CURTIS W. REESE, *Managing Editor*

Board of Directors

MRS. S. O. LEVINSON, President
MRS. E. L. LOBDELL, Vice-President
MRS. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS, Treasurer
MRS. FRANCIS NEILSON
MRS. O. T. KNIGHT
MR. IRWIN S. ROSENFELS
MR. C. W. REESE
MISS MATILDA C. SCHAFF
MRS. E. E. SMITH
MR. FRANCIS NEILSON
Secretary: MAY JOHNSON

Editorial Contributors

W. WALDEMAR W. ARGOW
DOROTHY WALTON BINDER
RAYMOND B. BRAGG
EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
PERCY M. DAWSON
ALBERT C. DIEFFENBACH
JAMES A. FAIRLEY
ZONA GALE
A. EUSTACE HAYDON
JESSE H. HOLMES
LOUIS L. MANN
JOSEPH ERNEST MCAFEE
H. R. MUSSEY
M. C. OTTO
ALSON H. ROBINSON
ROBERT C. SCHALLER
CLARENCE R. SKINNER
SYDNEY STRONG
JABEZ T. SUNDERLAND
ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY
JAMES H. WEST

Poetry Editors

LUCIA TRENT
RALPH CHEYNEY

Foreign Representatives

AUSTRALIA—CHARLES STRONG
AUSTRIA—STEFAN ZWEIG
BULGARIA—P. M. MATTHÉEFF
ENGLAND—HARRISON BROWN
FRED HANKINSON
REGINALD REYNOLDS
FRANCE—G. DEMARTIAL
ROMAIN ROLLAND
GERMANY—THEODOR HAHN
INDIA—RABINDRANATH TAGORE
JAPAN—NOBUICHIRO IMAOKA
PALESTINE—HANS KOHN
RUSSIA—ALINA HUEBSCH

Contents

EDITORIAL—
Notes 123
Jottings—J. H. H 126
ARTICLES—
Ending Poverty in California—ROBERT BROWNELL 127
The Religion of Solidarity—EDWARD BELLAMY 128
Kidnapping vs. Lynching—LUTHER MARION FULLER 130
Give 'Em Time 131
American Writers: A Plea—E. J. CRAINE 132
Dr. Stephen S. Wise at Sixty—RABBI JOSEPH SHOLOM SHUBOW .. 134
POETRY—
Memorial Day—ROBERT WHITAKER 123
Red Blood—VINCENT BURNS 129
To Those Who Fell in Battle—R. L. J 129
Pagan Soliloquy—BRENT ALLINSON 133
White Crosses—BLANCHE CUMMINS HOEFFER 133
THE STUDY TABLE—
Nazis and Jews—MORTIMER BREWSTER SMITH 136
A "Gandhi of Chemistry"—WILLIAM D. ALLEN 137
The Sword of France—R. C. SCHALLER 138
Preparing for Internationalism—HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR 138
An English Visitor in America—EMANUEL STERNHEIM 139
A Religious Debate—JAMES A. FAIRLEY 139
CORRESPONDENCE—
A Personal Word from Europe—X. Y. Z 139
THE FIELD—
Munitions Firms Create Wars to Insure Profits—*Minnesota Daily* . 122
Curbing the Armament Industry—*World Events* 140

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

Munitions Firms Create Wars to Insure Profits

About twelve miles northwest of Metz there is a small but productive mining region known as the Briey Basin, which furnished about three-fourths of the ores used by the Central Powers during the World War. Though Briey is very close to France, and its loss would have immediately crippled Germany's fighting machine, the French General Staff issued orders against molesting this source of German materials. The official reason was that if the French bombed Briey, the Germans would retaliate against Dombasle, the source of French supplies, in which case war would no longer be possible. One presumptuous general was severely reprimanded for suggesting an attack on Briey. When public opinion forced the issue, an attack was ordered and placed in charge of a young lieutenant, who had specific instructions to avoid crippling the production of the district. The Briey Basin, situated in the midst of shell-torn battlefields, was not injured during the four years of war!

Some thirteen years later, a German journalist charged that Adolph Hitler and his party were financed by Skoda, the great Czechoslovakian armament firm. The journalist was sued for libel. But when Herr Hitler was placed on the witness stand and questioned with regard to his relations with Skoda, he refused to answer and stormed out of the room cursing the lawyers who asked him questions. He was fined 1,000 marks for contempt of court, but he has not, to date, denied the charge.

Why did Briey escape injury during the World War? Why did Hitler refuse to answer the charges made against him? French armament firms are responsible for both. It has been learned that the young lieutenant put in charge of the Briey attack was in the pay of a large French armament firm. It is also known definitely that Skoda has contributed large sums to the support of the Nazi movement, and that two of the members of the board of directors are connected with Nazi government. But Skoda is owned and controlled by Schnei-

(*Continued on page* 140)

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXIII | MONDAY, MAY 28, 1934 | Number 7

MEMORIAL DAY

How shall we live amid this present death?
How, in this hell of individual strife
Build up the brother world? the abundant life
Where self-applause is crowned to the last breath?
The very grave-yards, from the fields of Heth
To the Memorial Hall, so grossly rife
With brutal braggadocio! drum and fife
Mocking the psalm and prayer the preacher saith.

Memorial Day an orgy of pretense,
Wreathing with flowers our murder-yesterdays.
The dead but dummies for designing praise
Of pension graft, and plunderbund "defense."
The silence of the tomb defamed with blare
Of lies that otherwise we would not dare.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

The political incompetency of the American people is not the least important reason for the plight of misery in which they are now involved. By political incompetency we mean precisely what those words imply—sheer incapacity to organize politically for the accomplishment of specific social ends! Only once, in more than a century and a half of national history, have Americans shown ability to use the enormous political power in their hands to achieve a great reform. This, of course, was when, in the anti-slavery fight, they organized the Free Soil (later the Republican) Party to end the institution of slavery on this continent. Apart from this isolated instance, the American people as a whole have been content to go along with the two orthodox political parties and thus function politically on no higher level of intelligence and purpose than so many "dumb, driven cattle." Decade after decade, opportunity has been given the citizenry to organize in support of great issues and to follow inspired leadership. Again and again, the war cry has been sounded and the banner lifted, and a few brave thousands have rallied, but the great masses of men and women have remained inert. No one of these independent movements, however crude or even wild, cut what was an open door to emancipation. It was a start, at least, of what might have well become a triumphant crusade. But each in its turn languished and withered away for sheer lack of any popular support—by which we mean public thought, character, and courage. A people which for more than two generations, in these terrific modern times, will vote straight Democrat or Republican, are what we have called them—political incompetents. Like morons, they have no power of independent action, but do only what they are told. Of all sections of the body politic, most futile and inept stands American labor, the stupidest working class group in any modern country; and for this the A. F. of L. must carry its full share of responsibility. But the people as a whole are to blame. They are political weaklings, and thus the makers of their own woe.

We have seen no more perfect illustration of the way the newspapers, the administration officials, the NRA boosters, and other professional optimists bamboozle the public in this recovery business than a recent article in the New York *Times* on traffic in the metropolis. Watch these figures, and note what the newspaper does with them! In 1933, railroads, ferryboats and automobiles carried a total of 273,612,141 passengers into and out of the city, according to an official report of the New York Transit Commission. This was 32,067,588 *below* the 1932 total of 305,679,727. In the first nine months of the year following President Roosevelt's launching of his recovery campaign, in other words, there was a loss of no less than 10.5 per cent in the volume of traffic in and out of New York—including, of course, the loss in the three months before the President took office. This would seem to be pretty bad—but trust the economic Polly-

annas to find that this loss of 32,067,586 passengers in 1933 as compared with 1932 is really a gain and not a loss at all. For this decline of 10.5 per cent in 1933 as compared with 1932 was less than the loss in 1932 as compared with 1931, which was 14 per cent—which means, says the *Times,* that *"the showing for 1933 was 3.5 better than for 1932!"* This is optimism for you—the decline in passenger traffic still going steadily on after four years of depression, and in spite of herculean labors to bring back prosperity, and all's well because the loss this last year is not as great as the year before! It is as though a bleeding man had lost a quart of blood an hour for several hours, and the doctors were immensely cheered because this last hour he had lost only a pint of blood. Apparently it is not imagined that there is an inevitable slackening of loss as one approaches that irreducible minimum beyond which life comes to an end. As long as the loss goes on, it is *loss*—and such loss of 10.5 per cent in 1933 is much more serious than such loss of 14 per cent in 1932. Come, come, let's quit kidding ourselves!

What has Repeal accomplished to date? Has it destroyed the bootleggers, as the "wets" promised? Not if the United States government knows anything about it, for Washington has recently announced "a nationwide campaign" for the elimination of bootleggers and illicit distillers, and Joseph H. Choate, Jr., Federal Alcohol Control Director, confessed his horror at the "enormous growth" of the lawless traffic. Has it wiped out the speakeasies and night clubs? Not according to Police Commissioner O'Ryan, of New York City, who has declared that he proposes to make war on the speak-easies just as soon as the licensing business is straightened out. Has it kept the saloon closed, as was agreed by everybody, "wet" and "dry" alike? Not if the newspaper reporters can be trusted, for they join in testifying "how enthusiastically the old-time open saloon has come back in New York," and similarly in other places. Has it cut down drunkenness and fostered temperance? It is the report of every honest observer, and especially of a rapidly increasing number of frightened city and town officials, that drunkenness is increasing by leaps and bounds. We can testify that we have seen more "drunks" in the last six months than in the preceding twelve years. Has it achieved that most disgusting and disgraceful boon, the filling of the government tills with revenue from the liquor traffic? In New York State it has just been announced that the revenue from this poisoned source is less than one-half of what was estimated; *and the result is attributed to the continuing consumption of lawless booze.* In a few swift months, Repeal has proved itself to be a complete and perfect failure, as everybody who remembered the old days well knew in advance. Compared with what is going on today, Prohibition was never "a noble experiment" at all, but a triumphant demonstration. Already local voters are voting their territories "dry." Thus shall we live over again our history, until Prohibition is once more re-enacted.

We cannot for the life of us understand why there should have been all this consternation in Washington over the great drought in the West and the resulting destruction of the wheat crop. Good heavens, what was the AAA organized for but to destroy wheat, and thus to create a shortage and boost prices? Why, the government has been paying out good money, millions and millions of it, to bribe the farmers not to plant wheat and to plow under what they have already planted! And here Providence comes along, God lining up right on the side of Roosevelt, and does what the AAA could not have done this season without enormous expenditure. And yet Washington is alarmed! Well, all we can say is that some people are terribly hard to please. Or is it rather that the government has not yet gotten accustomed even to its own ways? Old habits and time-worn prejudices are of course hard to break. For centuries men have rejoiced in bumper crops. They have prayed to heaven for plenty. If drought, or flood, or blight, or any other freak of nature occurred, then the event was regarded as calamity, and loud were the lamentations and maledictions. But we have changed all this now. Not abundance but scarcity is the thing desired. This scarcity, of course, does what it has always done, namely, starved the cities, or ruined them with high prices. But the farmers must be prosperous—the government will see to that, though a whole continent has to be turned into a desert and the townspeople die like flies. And now Providence lends its aid to the business, and the government is still so bound to its old conditioned reflexes that it instinctively complains and protests! We should think God would be disgusted. Apparently he can't do anything that suits mankind. But perhaps it will be the Washington doctrinaires who will get disgusted. These "experts" may discover that it isn't so easy, after all, playing tag with nature; and that, all things considered, it's a good thing having some grain in the bin. Joseph found that out centuries ago. Franklin may do the same in time!

Nothing interests us more than the Puritan strain which runs through all the modern movements of dictatorship. In Austria, at this moment, Puritan sentiment is running rampant. It has recently taken the form of rigorous censorship of dancing, outlawry of scant bathing attire, and stern supervision of conduct on the beaches. In Germany, the direction of public morals has become an important function of government. No loose conduct, no sexy literature, not much frivolous entertainment can be permitted by the Nazis. Adolph Hitler himself is a good deal of an ascetic. According to well-authenticated reports, he does not smoke nor drink, and is a vegetarian. In Russia, among the Communists, the same strict fashions prevail. Years ago Bertrand Russell pointed out that the Bolsheviki cannot be understood at all unless they are seen as the modern type of 18th century Puritan—the Roundhead come to life again. Certainly the Communists practice a terrible discipline, unmatched by anything we know outside of the Jesuit order itself. All of which seems to us curious—especially from the standpoint of the fact that it is from English Puritanism that there stems the great growth of our modern democracy! Here is Communism, Fascism, Nazism, destroying the finest fruit of the Puritan inheritance, and yet themselves returning to the very form and fashion of this progenitor of liberty! Some historian will have to make plain this phenomenon. What we seem to see is a revolt against the laxity, the moral anarchy, into which so much of democracy had degenerated in our time. It is not genuine democracy, after all, which has suffered. Rather is it that foul collapse of the free spirit which has brought these accumulating woes upon us. What we have not seen, or have forgotten, is the basic truth that outward freedom is inescapably conditioned by inward discipline. Perhaps the new dictatorial regimes of our time are performing a needful service in restoring mankind to the life of obedience and order.

We commented in the last issue of UNITY on the remarkable questionnaire of 20,870 clergymen on war and economic justice as published by Kirby Page's committee in the *World Tomorrow*. In what we said, we deliberately omitted for later comment one most disquieting item in the responses to the inquiries on war. We refer to the figures on the question, "Do you regard the distinction between 'defensive' and 'aggressive' war as sufficiently valid to justify your sanctioning or participating in a future war of 'defense'?" Please make note that 13,997 clergymen declared that the churches should refuse to sanction or support any future war, as compared with 4,638 against, and 2,012 in doubt (total 20,647). Also, that 12,904 clergymen declared that they themselves would not sanction any future war nor participate as an armed combatant, with 5,208 against, and 2,503 in doubt (total 20,615). Yet, when this question of the distinction between defensive and aggressive war was raised, no less than 7,517 answered that they regarded the distinction as "sufficiently valid" to justify sanctioning or participating in a future war, with only 8,813 against such muddled thinking, and as many as 3,582 in doubt (total 19,912). Such result as this we can only regard as appalling. It goes far toward invalidating this whole body of testimony in favor of peace. For this confusion on this business of offensive and defensive war is the Achilles' heel, so to speak, in "the whole armor" of the pacifist. Look at what will happen! War suddenly comes along with Japan, or Germany, or Britain. The government instantly releases all its vast machinery of propaganda in support of the proposition that we are fighting in defense of territory, honor, freedom, all that we hold dear. Then goes up the cry. "This isn't *war*. It's a defense of our beloved country." And all these clergymen, many of whom have pledged themselves not to support "any future war," will straightway rush to arms. The superstition of defense is the crux of pacifism. Until this is cleared away, nothing is safe!

We do not pretend to know very much about the silver question. We are not Father Coughlin! But we have certain ideas about the general problems involved in this currency business which we believe to be sound. These ideas are three in number. First, the depression is not going to be lifted and recovery gained by any manipulation of the currency. The President has been playing the game with gold for months, and has accomplished absolutely nothing. Playing the game with silver will only aggravate existing trouble, and thus make bad matters a good deal worse off. If Mr. Roosevelt wants to undo whatever good he may have done, let him yield to the silver bloc and take on the white metal. Secondly, there is no argument for silver as a basis of national currency that does not apply equally to copper, or zinc, or iron, or pewter, or lead, or any other metal. Load the vaults in Washington with tons of any ore you choose, and you will have a situation not much worse than the situation which will ensue upon silver legislation. As a matter of fact, paper may just as well be substituted for ore. It's only a question of the degree of the wreckage of values. Thirdly, the silver campaign has nothing but sheer

unmitigated profit-making behind it. The politicians are seeking popular favor in the states where silver is either a commodity or a superstition, or both. Added to these are the owners of mines and bullion who seek to unload upon the government and thus get rich quick. Uncle Sam is to be made the sucker for the sake of the speculators in silver who are as avaricious and unscrupulous as any other dealers in "green goods." Even Father Coughlin could not resist the itch! That President Roosevelt will compromise on this issue, as he has on so many others, is altogether probable. O, for an hour of Grover Cleveland, and simple honesty and courage!

Jottings

Church Bulletin Board announcement in New York City:

THE COMMUNITY CHURCH
11 A. M.—John Haynes Holmes
"The Wickedest Man Alive."

It's all rather pitiful—these stream-lined trains and automobiles. More speed, *more speed*—to go where, for what purpose?

Dollfuss is tired of jokes about his picayune physique, and has ordered that they be stopped. Did the Chancellor never think of being a *man,* of rising to the dignity of justice, righteousness and brotherhood, and thus gaining respect for his soul if not his size? Dollfuss is laughed at because he is a small man in the sense that his spirit matches so perfectly his stature.

Fashion decrees, we are told, that women's skirts are to be shorter. Of course, for these skirts are now long, and it is inconceivable that there should be any right length which should stay fixed from year to year! But we shudder with horror at the thought that we must once again gaze upon the lower extremities of all sorts and conditions of women.

Soviet Russia is to build in Leningrad, at a cost of $50,000,000, the largest research hospital in the world. It will cover 200 acres, have a staff of 3,500 persons, and investigate every variety of human disease. Not even America, in the days of the New Deal, is civilized enough to do a thing like this!

Washington made ignominious confession that it couldn't enforce the Prohibition laws, yet now it is going right ahead on the job of trying to enforce the NRA codes. If it failed in the one case, how can it hope to succeed in the other?

A quotation, for the good of our souls:

"If you want to find out how religious people are, go to church; how bellicose, attend a peace meeting; and how they appreciate learning, enter a university campus."

World Events (Devere Allen, editor) reminds us, à propos Secretary Dern's activity in behalf of greater military preparedness, that in December, 1931, at the Institute of International Relations in Riverside, California, the honorable gentleman said, "We won some things from the War. . . . For example, we had a complete demonstration of the fallacy of the old tradition that preparedness prevents war."

Wife desertions have been steadily increasing since the middle of 1933. This is a sure sign, say the social workers, that times are improving. It's only in prosperous days that husbands can afford to philander.

The Pennsylvania Railroad advertises the Chicago World's Fair (1934) in this fashion:

> Don't miss the fun and attractions that have made the Century of Progress the world's outstanding exposition.

A perfect demonstration of what has been our contention from the beginning—that this so-called World's Fair is nothing more nor less than a magnified and glorified Coney Island!

"Il Duce," "Der Fuehrer," "The Chief"! One knows not whether to be amused or nauseated by the silliness of it all.

The time will come, if humanity survives at all, when a President of the United States reviewing a naval parade will appear as strange and horrible as a Roman emperor watching a gladiatorial show.

J. H. H.

Proposed Roads to a Better Social Order

No. 4—Ending Poverty in California

Last September Upton Sinclair changed his political affiliation from the Socialist to the Democratic party. He had ready a little book entitled, "I, Governor of California: And How I Ended Poverty," in which he laid before the people of his home state a plan to capture the dignified old Democratic party and use it as an instrument of economic reconstruction. The first letters of his slogan, "End Poverty in California," spell EPIC, hence the name, the EPIC Plan.

It is doubtful if Sinclair foresaw what would happen to him and his plan. Perhaps he thought he was merely shoving off on another "educational crusade." But a wave of popular response has tossed him into the middle of California politics, and today he is generally regarded as the most likely candidate for the office of governor.

Some of the politicians and most of the newspapers have boycotted his campaign, but the shrewder politicians admit the grave danger of Sinclair's carrying the primaries in August. Both friendly and unfriendly political organizations have been taking political blood-tests in the past month. A reform organization of Los Angeles sent out a thousand postal cards to names over the State, selected at random from telephone books. These cards listed half a dozen Democratic and as many Republican candidates who have been prominently named, and asked for a statement of preference. Sinclair received 67% of the Democratic preferences expressed, and his vote was double that of the most favored Republican candidate, James Rolph.

A clergyman in Los Angeles, interested in politics, sent a questionnaire to a thousand of his most active supporters, asking for preferences, and the majority specified Sinclair. A poll of all the residents in a precinct in North Hollywood revealed 86% for Sinclair. A poll of 176 families in East Oakland gave 75% for Sinclair—2% against him, and 23% "on the fence." A poll of the employees of a tire factory in Los Angeles revealed 92% for Sinclair. Writing in Rob Wagner's *Script*, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., quotes Congressman John Dockweiler of California as saying that the betting in California is 6 to 4 in favor of Sinclair to beat any opponent.

Of course the significance of polls taken six months before the election can easily be over-estimated. Sinclair is the only man in the field at present who has advanced a definite program and is seriously campaigning. He and his friends well know that they may expect a withering blast from the capitalist press, which so far has mostly ignored them. Sinclair also realizes that the machine politicians will be able to build up organizations in weeks which it has taken the EPIC workers months to achieve. Money makes the difference, and Sinclair publicly states that he has so far turned down about $100,000 of soiled campaign money, and has accepted less than $500.

But the politicians are worried. They are wondering if they have not waited a bit too long to start their machines rolling. With a clear field for six months Sinclair has been able to get his plans well advertised, and it is a question whether the old-line Democrats will ever catch up with him.

The most striking thing about the EPIC campaign is the public response. Hundreds of men and women are devoting all their time to organization work, yet the mass enthusiasm is far beyond the capacity of the workers to handle. As fast as organization plans are formulated, the perplexed planners find that their animal has outgrown its harness. There are several hundred Sinclair Clubs functioning throughout the State, some of them with hundreds of members. The book upon which the campaign is based has become the best-selling book in the history of California. The hundred-and-fiftieth thousand is off the press, and is selling a thousand copies a day. The central office has been moved from Sinclair's modest literary office to a two-story, eighteen-room building in downtown Los Angeles. This office is staffed by young men and women, all of whom are giving their time without pay. A semi-monthly newspaper is published, and is soon to be a weekly.

In presenting the EPIC Plan, Sinclair explains it as an emergency measure. Its essence is to place the unemployed of the State at productive labor and thus take them off the backs of the taxpayers. The plan calls for the establishment of great land colonies and factory enterprises run by the State. The land and the factories will be purchased by the State at present bankruptcy prices. A distribution system by trucks will carry the products of the system from the land colonies to the factory workers, and vice versa. Retail stores will be set up in the colonies and near the factories and the products of the system will be sold at cost. The workers will be guaranteed the full value of their product. In other words, a completely socialized system, supporting a million persons, will be installed within the State of California.

The EPIC Plan also calls for a radical tax program, which has great vote-catching power. The much disliked State sales tax will be repealed, and a tax on stock transfers will more than make up the difference. Higher inheritance and a State income tax will be instituted. Also, the plan will bring pensions to the blind, the disabled, those over 60 years of age, and the widowed mothers of dependent children.

Sinclair's excuse for leaving the Socialists and becoming a Democrat is that he worked for thirty years as a Socialist and was unable to accomplish anything. In this present emergency something has to be done at once if we are to avoid Fascism. Labels are important to the American people, he feels, and they will not take the Socialist label. Sinclair now calls himself an "industrial democrat."

What the "powers" will be able to do remains to be seen. If Sinclair can keep his ship from the rocks, it appears that a piece of clever opportunism on his part may make California the field for Democracy's last stand. If California politics remain what they are today, and the economic consciousness of the people of the State is not blighted by an emotional appeal at the last minute, the EPIC movement may develop world-wide significance.

ROBERT BROWNELL.

Edward Bellamy—on the—Religion of Solidarity

[*Editorial Note:* By great good fortune, and thanks to the generous courtesy of Mrs. Bellamy, UNITY is privileged to publish this early essay of Edward Bellamy, famous author of "Looking Backward" and "Equality." Never before published, kept through all these years in manuscript, this essay was written when Mr. Bellamy was only twenty-four years of age, and stands as a remarkable presentation of the spirit which later dictated the writing of his two immortal masterpieces.

Revival of interest in Edward Bellamy is one of the notable features of this chaotic and recreative age. We are rediscovering this man as a prophet who anticipated the current changes in our society, and a seer who foresaw the reforms which must be achieved in our new civilization. "Looking Backward" is at once a prophecy and program of the future toward which we are at this moment so painfully struggling. In the august Utopian tradition with Plato, More, and Bacon, Edward Bellamy must ever be remembered as one of the great Americans of the last century.

This essay, here printed for the first time, will appear in three parts, in three successive issues of this paper.—J. H. H.

"I should like this paper read to me when I am about to die. This tribute I may render without conceit to the boy of twenty-four who wrote it.

"This paper which was written in 1874, when I was twenty-four, represents the germ of what has been ever since my philosophy of life. This paper, which I never offered for publication, is crude and redundant in style and contains some obvious defects in ratiocinations, lost links which I could now supply, but I have never cared to do so. I could say also much more on the same theme, I could draw from my later experiences, expand it into a volume. This, maybe, I shall sometime do, should I continue in this state of existence. But I have always been slow to publish my opinion concerning these supreme matters. Yet by this time I begin to feel that this is my ripe judgment of life, and that I should be justified in putting it forth as such."—E. B.

I.

The emotions of pleasurable melancholy and of wistful yearning produced by the prospect of a beautiful landscape are matters of universal experience, a commonplace of poetry. Upon analysis this mental experience seems to consist, if we may so express it, in a vague desire to enter into, to possess, and be a part of, the beauty before the eye, to come into some closer union with it than is possible consistently with the conditions of our natures. This subdued, yet intense, attraction in its disappointment produces an indefinable sadness, and it is thus that is to be explained, at least in large part, the melancholy so often observed to result from the contemplation of natural beauty. It is the disappointment of the desire after a more perfect communion. There are times in the experience of most persons of emotional temperament in which this desire (I had almost called it lust) after natural beauty amounts to a veritable orgasm. How often in the brooding warmth and stillness of summer nights, when the senses are fairly oppressed with natural beauty and the perfumed air is laden with voluptuous solicitations, does the charm of nature grow so intense that it seems almost personal, and under its influence the senses are sublimed to an ecstasy. It is then that some almost palpable barrier seems to hold back the soul from merging with the being towards which it so passionately tends.

Sometimes with the storm wind, with moon-lit waters, with wooded glens and purling brooks, with the solidarity soul of mid-ocean, with lovely mountain tops, with the sunset eternally glowing over the rim of the rolling earth, with the dewy freshness of the ever-virginal morning, with the new and tender pulse of spring, the thronging life, the voluptuous languor of summer, and the restfulness of autumn, with all these and other innumerable aspects of nature, the human spirit sympathizes and in this communion, despite the tinge of melancholy, resulting from its imperfect consummation, finds one of its chiefest consolations and asylums.

Thus continually does the spirit of man betray affinity with nature by vague and seemingly purposeless longings to attain a more perfect sympathy with it. So far as this universal and strongly marked instinct can be distinctly interpreted, it indicates in human nature some element common with external nature, toward which it is attracted, as with the attraction of a part towards a whole, and with a violence that oftentimes renders us painfully conscious of the rigorous confines of our individual organisms. This restless and discontented element is not at home in the personality, its union with it seems rather mechanical than chemical, rather of position than of essence. It is homesick for a vaster mansion than the personality affords, with an unconquerable yearning, a divine discontent tending elsewhither.

The emotion, induced in us by the view of the monuments of bygone life are of the sort that rebel against the conditions of our organisms as persons. How often has it happened to each and every one of us to stand before some such monument of old life, some ruined specimen of ancient handiwork, some dead city of deserted site. The place is associated with the lives of generations long since mouldered away, and the gentle ghosts of their joys and sorrows seem to hover around the familiar spot, bathing them in a haze of vague reminiscence. We are conscious of a sense of loss, a feeling of deprivation, at having had no part in the skein of life that once ravelled and tangled on this spot. We are conscious of a repining at the barrier of time that has included and shut us up in today. The experience is very similar, when, as we muse earnestly on the glories of future ages, the vision of the world to be rises before us, we feel that in essence we belong no more to today than to yesterday and tomorrow. Such limitations appear arbitrary and irrelevant, impertinent, though impregnable. Hungry not for more life, but for all the life there is, we count ourselves robbed of the days when we were not and those in which we shall not be. The reader of history surveys past ages with their processions of heroes and grand dramas, as one looks upon a wide and varied country from a mountain top. What a painful incongruity is he conscious of between the soul so easily contemporary with all time, and like an unseen presence mingling with the strivings and doings of ancient men, and his individuality weighted down to a little point of time. As trifling seems that point compared with the vast expanse seen from it as his standpoint to the rapt watcher on the mountain brow, whose gaze goes, unimpeded, up and down the streets of a hundred villages and follows, unfelt, the steps of the toilers in a thousand widely parted fields. The mind is conscious of a discontent that

would be resentful but for its conscious impotence, that it should thus be unequal to itself, the aspirations of a God with the limitations of a clod, a soul that seeks to enfold and animate the universe, that takes all being for its province, and with such potential compass and desire has for its sole task the animating of one human animal in a corner of an insignificant planet.

Now who can doubt that the human has more in common with that life of all time and all things toward which it so eagerly goes out, than with that narrow, isolated, and incommodious individuality, the thrall of time and space to which it so reluctantly and with such sense of belittlement and degradation perforce returns?

Mysterious and likewise taking hold on infinite things are the emotions excited by the weird music of the Aeolian harp or the soughing of the wind in a pine forest. The music is so low, so fine, so far off that we seem to hear it by some inner ear and we listen in involuntary awe as to the still, small voice of nature. There is a sound as if the tones came from the far off planes of the universe, they imitate vast solitudes, wideness, boundless enlargement, eternal calm, eternal rhythm. In that whispered infinitude we would repose as in our proper medium. In that voice we strive to voice ourselves. We strain after that fuller life of which we recognize the sound but cannot comprehend the reality. In such moments we reach out of one plane of existence into another and sink back as sinks a swimmer with grasping hands and eyes turned toward the empyrean vault. Very often in like manner must it happen to every one when wandering abroad at night, to feel the eyes drawn upward as by a sense of majestic, overshadowing presence. We gaze into the bottom of the star-measured depths of the skies; whose infinite profounds are for the moment curtained by no cloud. The soul of the gazer is drawn through the eyes, and, on and on, from star to star, still travels toward infinity. He is strange to the limitations of terrestrial things; he is out of the body. He is oppressed with the grandeur of the universal frame: its weight seems momentarily to rest upon his shoulders. But with a start and a wrench as of life from soul the personality reasserts itself; he awakes to himself, and, with a temporary sense of strangeness, fits himself once again to the pigmy standards about him.

The experiences which have been mentioned are but examples of the sublime, ecstatic, impersonal emotions, transcending the scope of personality or individuality, manifested by human nature, and of which the daily life of every person affords abundant instances. What, then, is the view of human nature thus suggested? Truly, one strange and awful. On the one hand is the personal life, an atom, a grain of sand on a boundless shore, a bubble on a foam-flecked ocean, a life bearing a proportion to the mass of past, present and future life, so infinitesimal as to defy the imagination. Such is the importance of the person. On the other hand is a certain other life, as it were a spark of the universal life, insatiable in aspiration, greedy of infinity, asserting solidarity with all things and all existence, containing the limitations of space and time and all other of the restrictive conditions of personality. On the one hand is a little group of faculties of the individual, unable even to cope with the few and simple conditions of material life, wretchedly failing, for the most part, to secure tolerable satisfaction for the physical needs of the race, and at best making slow and painful progression. On the other hand, in the soul, is a depth of divine despair over the insufficiency of this existence, already seemingly too large, and a passionate dream of immortality, the vision of a starving man whose fancy revels in full tables. Such is the estate of man and such his dual life. As an individual he finds it a task exceeding his powers even to secure satisfactory material conditions for his physical life; as an universal he grasps at a life infinitely larger than the one he so poorly cares for. This dual life of man, personal and impersonal, as an individual and as an universal, goes far to explain the riddle of human nature and human destiny.*

*At this point is a lapse of several pages.—E. B.

(To be continued)

RED BLOOD

Red flags
Are not so red
As the rich blood spilled by our martyred dead;
Nowhere in all this world is found
A more fearful, ominous sound
Than that which comes from the stained ground—
The cry of innocent blood that was shed.

Red foes
Are not to blame
If this our country reeks with crime and shame,
If kidnapped children rot and die,
If chaos, want and death are nigh,
And revolution shakes the sky,
And cruel oppression dims a nation's fame.

Red hate
And venom hot
Will not purge this shed blood a single jot,
Every evil dollar we've coined,
Every Vanzetti we have burned,
And every protest we have spurned
But lays the long, long powder train
To blow our world beyond the main—
Rant, we may rant, but we may halt it not.

VINCENT BURNS.*

* Author of "I'm in Love with Life," published by E. P. Dutton & Co.

TO THOSE WHO FELL IN BATTLE

Oh you, who walk at midnight year on year,
Who feel life's pain, but cannot shed life's tear,

Who through the hours since last you drew your breath,
Have stalked about the world in living death,

Because you steeled yourselves to kill and gore,
Thinking you fought the war to end all war,

And now because too late the truth is plain,
You feel that you have died in utter vain;

Oh you, who see that hideous wars impend,
While hatreds seem to pile up end on end,

Upon whose open bullet-wounds you feel
The salty sting of mankind's folly steal;

Oh you, who cannot sleep upon your hill
The while this aching, throbbing world is ill,

Have Faith! Have Hope! Cast off your fear,
Nor walk in restless anguish year on year!

You did your best, you have not died in vain
Even though you hear a bombshell burst again,

For on the world's horizon in the East
Gandhi brings the spirit-dawn of peace.

R. L. J.

Kidnapping vs. Lynching

Since the time of the terrible crime of kidnapping the Lindbergh baby in March, 1932, the newspapers throughout the length and breadth of our country have been filled with vehement protests to the U. S. Government to take a hand in trying to rid the country of this most damnable outrage.

On one hot summer's day in August, 1933, when the sun with its mighty rays beat down upon the countenances of mankind, causing sweat like drops of blood to run from many a brow, we visited the First Baptist Church, located at the corner of Clarendon Street and Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, to hear Dr. Herbert S. Johnson deliver a message on the subject, "How to Prevent Kidnapping." Dr. Johnson said that

> . . . of all the crimes in the world, not excluding murder, kidnapping is the worst and most heinous. Kidnapping causes the family of the kidnapped person to suffer greatly, in fact much more than the one kidnapped. The child that the kidnapper steals is liable to be put to death. The Government should take the lead in trying to stamp out this menace of all menaces.

He concluded by saying that "there are only three ways to stamp out kidnapping:

(1) First, the Government should take the lead in attempting to rid the country of this most atrocious crime.

(2) Secondly, when the kidnapper is apprehended, he or they should go to the electric chair.

(3) Thirdly, not only should the kidnapper be electrocuted, but it should be made a crime for parents to be allowed to negotiate with kidnappers, as was true in the Lindbergh case, and pay over exorbitant sums of money for the return of the person kidnapped, for kidnapping can never be stopped by showing leniency to kidnappers."

All of this was well said by the Doctor and we agree with him in most of it, but we do not believe that kidnapping is the most horrible of all crimes. Rather do we think that lynching is the worst of all crimes. Accounts of outrages by mobs have recently formed the every-day news of the times. Just recently (August and September, 1933), lynchings have taken place in the United States. In August, for example, two Negroes were lynched in Alabama while being removed from the jail in Tuscaloosa to Birmingham, for safe-keeping, pending trial on charges of slaying a 21-year old white girl. The third Negro, beaten into unconsciousness, was thought to be dead, and was thus saved from the fate of his fellows. More recently still (October, 1933), a Louisiana mob lynched a Negro, Bromo Jackson by name, after overpowering the jailer and taking him from the jail. On Monday, October 9, 1933, the body of Louisiana Larose, a 15-year old girl, was found in a sugarcane field with her throat cut. Jackson, who was seen near the locality, was arrested on suspicion and taken to jail. An excited mob rushed the jail and, after taking Jackson from the sheriff, hanged him from a bridge over a bayou.

But the lynching of George Armwood at Princess Ann, Maryland, a northern state, capped the climax of lynchings for the year 1933, thus bringing the number up to thirty-two. This was the most brutal lynching of the year. Armwood is said to have attacked Mrs. Mary Denston of Somerset County, Maryland, for which he was taken from jail by a mob, his body soaked in gasoline, strung up to a telephone post and burned at the stake in front of the courthouse. One of his ears was cut off, his gold teeth picked out of his mouth, pieces of the rope with which he was hanged were given out to the crowd as souvenirs, his body stripped and left in a lumber yard. According to an affidavit signed by Frank Spencer, of California, a white man, the officers at the jail knew very well that Armwood would be lynched. Spencer said: "With my own ears, I tell you, I heard the county officer, three hours before the lynching, tell part of the gathered mob—'Boys, if there's going to be trouble I don't want to be here. Let your conscience be your guide. You won't find any opposition against you tonight when you go after him.' And then he left Princess Anne. That's why he wasn't there during the murdering of that boy, that's why." There should be no serious alarm about such a state of affairs for it has been proved that on many occasions the jailer has assisted the mob in the lynching of a Negro in previous years. Governor Albert T. Ritchie is said to have a "probe session" in operation to investigate this lynching, but most likely it will prove to be a sham, and will result similarly to the one held two years ago relative to the lynching of Matthew Williams in Salisbury. Governor Ritchie, on being approached concerning the lynching, gave limpy meretricious platitudes which sound rather childish. He asked, "What can I do? I have no authority in the matter." He gave points of the state law not giving him authority to act in a county. From this we judge that he is not Governor in the counties! If it had been a kidnapping of some rich person, the Governor would have immediately found authority to act, but as a Negro was lynched, he asked: "What can I do?" A candidate in 1932 for nomination to the office of presidency of the United States! What splendid material for the White House! As is true in such cases, he "passed the buck." He blamed Judge Duer and State's Attorney Robins for the lynching. Thus, we have a good example of Maryland's brand of government and civilization.

During the past one hundred years lynchings have pervaded the country from New England to Louisiana; they are not peculiar to any climate, neither are they confined to any region.

During the past year, since kidnapping among the rich has become so prevalent, bills have been submitted to state legislatures and laws have been passed in some states, making the penalty of kidnapping from twenty years to execution in the electric chair. Such a bill was presented to the Texas Legislature by Governor Ferguson on September 29, 1933. More recently the State of Massachusetts gave a man twenty-four years in state's prison for kidnapping, despite the fact that the stolen child was returned to her parents unharmed. Great was the publicity about kidnapping in the state of Oklahoma, a real lynching state, where George ("Machine Gun") Kelly and his wife were given life imprisonment for the kidnapping of a wealthy Oklahoma oil magnate, and several others were given shorter sentences for the same crime. Concerning this kidnapping case, an editorial appeared in the Boston *Herald* of October 13, 1933, entitled "A Good Swift Job," which said:

> Less than ninety days after Charles F. Urschel was kidnapped from his Oklahoma city home, six of his assailants have been sent to prison for life. Here is sure-handed justice,

working swiftly and conclusively. The quick trial and conviction of these gangsters was due to willing cooperation on the part of judge and jury. Kidnapping has been made a dangerously unhealthy pastime for gangsters. The reason for such dispatch and efficiency? When public opinion in this country is united, things happen. On Prohibition it was divided, and gangland flourished. On kidnapping it is undivided, and the racket is being beaten. Let us hope that this old fashioned disgust for lawlessness will soon be applied to a host of other crimes that developed widely during the indifferent decade.

This is a very strong editorial about kidnapping, but lynching has been going on in the United States for a century, and one looks in vain on the pages of the Boston *Herald,* or any other paper of note, for any such strong editorials about lynching. None has been written urging that this disgust for lawlessness be applied to this older and more abominable crime, and no laws have been passed making the penalty imprisonment for life or death in the electric chair. It is certainly time that such an attitude on the part of the United States Government, judge and jury, be taken in regard to lynching. It is high time that public opinion unite against this most atrocious crime which has been made (by jailers and other officers of the law) not a dangerously unhealthy pastime for gangsters and the mob, but a securely healthy pastime for so-called citizens of good repute (members of the mob), as was so thoroughly demonstrated at Princess Anne, Maryland, on October 25, 1933. Why is there so much protest to the U. S. Government against the crime of kidnapping when scarcely any protest is ever made against the damnable crime of lynching? At one time Congressman Dyer of Missouri made an attempt in Congress to have an anti-lynching bill passed, but the prejudiced southerners and backboneless northerners refused to support the bill, and it failed to pass.

The real truth of the matter is that kidnapping affects the rich, but lynching affects only the poor, especially Negroes. Dr. Johnson said that kidnapping a child causes the parents to suffer untold agony, but very seldom does the child suffer. But the Doctor seems to have forgotten that both the family and the victim of the mob suffer tremendously, and very often all of the Negroes living in the vicinity where the lynching occurs are threatened and menaced. Is not this worse than the crime of kidnapping? He also said that the Government should take the lead in stamping out this most horrible of all crimes, and that death in the electric chair should be the penalty. Why not advocate the death penalty for lynching, in order to rid our so-called "Land of the Free and Home of the Brave" of this enormity? Is the life of a rich person's boy or girl (who is white) stolen by kidnappers to be deplored any more than the life of a poor poverty-stricken Negro who dies at the hands of the mob? Should the rich be protected by the laws of our country any more than the poor? Is life any dearer to a white person than it is to a black or brown person? Lynching, like kidnapping, is a frightful indictment of our civilization and a disgrace to the integrity of America.

The United States Government has paid out millions of dollars to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, which proved to be one of the worst failures of all our constitutional laws. It will perhaps pay out just as much money to prevent kidnapping. But in regard to lynching, very little, if any, money has been appropriated to prevent this most atrocious of all crimes. Yet America has the effrontery to call itself a Christian country, professing to practice as well as preach the Brotherhood of Man! This great doctrine is preached in the pulpits of both white and Negro churches in America at the present time, but there is no country in the world that preaches brotherhood more and practices it less than America.

Many of our clergymen today talk of lynching with a blindness and perverseness like that of Sodom and Gomorrah. Our nation seems to be fast asleep, and has so far failed to hear the rumblings of the earthquake that threatens her destruction in the matter of the horrible crime of lynching which increased alarmingly in the year 1933. The state seems to be morally paralyzed; many pulpits of our country are apparently dumb; the church is not heeding the voices of our Negro leaders. Justice seems to be far off, and truth has fallen to the ground. Will it be necessary for this country to wait for the coming of an illustrious leader of the Garrisonian type of abolition days, or of a Mahatma Gandhi to deliver us as did Moses and Jesus of old?

We are of the opinion that the time is not so far off for the hour to strike for the achievement of the abolition of lynching and the bringing about of justice for Negroes. We believe that some personality will appear upon the stage commissioned and equipped of God for the task. He or she will give the keynote for rallying millions. Such a person will call a nation to repentance for its crimes against humanity, and will warn it of the divine retributions of sin. Such men and women are surely the prophets of God in their generation—misrepresented, persecuted, maligned, and sometimes slain; but always honored of God, and sure at last to be honored of men. Such may be said of Jesus Christ, William Lloyd Garrison, Harriet Beecher Stowe and Mahatma Gandhi. Last, but by no means least, we must include the illustrious Abraham Lincoln, whose service in putting a stop to slavery in the United States will never be forgotten as long as the world stands.

LUTHER MARION FULLER.

Give 'Em Time

All over the United States municipal officers are reporting an increase in drunkenness. That means just one thing: The honeymoon of repeal will soon be over. Restrictions on the sale of booze will begin in another year. Local option will appear. Then the liquor dealers will begin to fight the restrictions and evade the laws. Whereupon people will find that restrictions fail. They will then try prohibition, first in the cities, then in the counties, then in the states—

And then the fireworks!
Prohibition may have been an iridescent dream.
But repeal bids fair to be a homicidal nightmare!

Emporia *Gazette* (Kansas).

American Writers: A Plea

When a writer turns out a book, it starts the wheels of numerous industries. Manufacturers of pulp, paper of various grades and quantities, linen and cotton cloth, thread, hemp, cord, paste, glue, ink and printers. Besides this army of industrial workers there are the employees of the publishing house, artists, editors, designers, proof-readers; the advertising agency's copy men, lay-out experts, clerks, salesmen; the newspapers and magazines that carry the advertisements; the reviewers, illustrators and news distributors. The libraries and their outlets. The book shops, stores throughout the country with their additional newspaper copy, pamphlets and showcards. Boxes and express; to say nothing of the U. S. post office, which draws an immediate revenue from mailing charges, stamps and wrappers. If the author makes any money for his writing, he is a patron of the concerts, movies, theaters, clothiers, hats, shoes, and so forth. He pays a tax to the City, State, and Nation. Every one of the industries through which the work must go, pays taxes to the government. It amounts to millions of dollars every year. If he is forced through economic pressure or limitation of any kind to turn to clerking or ditch digging in order to earn enough to keep body and soul together he becomes merely one of millions of others in the vast army, of no special value to himself or his country. Permitted to develop the talent God gave him, and which is as much a part of him as his nose, he is the base of one-*fifth* of the nation's industry. His work brings enjoyment or education to hundreds of thousands of his fellows.

Every one knows the story of how Edgar Allen Poe watched his dearly loved wife die of cold and hunger, helpless to relieve her suffering or provide the warmth and comfort she needed so desperately. Faced with the same bitter disappointment, how many men of today could take it on the chin and not do something desperate?

Today, Poe's pathetic home is a shrine and his writings still yield enormous revenue to thousands of people in this, and other countries. His words have been read, sung and recited in concert halls and theaters and will be as long as there are such structures. They have inspired artists to interpret them on canvas, in etchings and illustrations. A bit of help while he lived would have stood out to America's credit through the ages. Although there are societies, tablets galore and the shrine, the United States has learned little from the lesson Poe's life might have taught. Every young genius standing before the house now realizes that he is faced probably with as difficult a time, unless he turns away from his dreams. For, in the intervening years since Poe's death, the creative writer in this country makes the most desperate, and nearly hopeless, struggle that is made in any civilized, Christian land. Few are able to weather the economic and physiological pressure. In the arts, the writer's life is the most lonely. The painter is not so entirely isolated with his work. The actor has his audience. But, the author's finished product must be on the book-shelves before any one can get acquainted with his ability and the working of his mind. If he does fiction, it is in his head for weeks, months and sometimes years. If it is historical, then he must devote months to digging out the facts before he can start. He knows what he wants and must get it himself. Until he is established, he is incoherent and preoccupied.

Once well launched, he gains some confidence. When established, he becomes the prey of a flock that seems like so many vultures ready to tear him to pieces. His ideas and writing are pirated in one way or another almost as soon as they are off the press. An amazing number of industrialists fight tooth and nail against every effort to get protecting laws. They announce to the world in a great wail that their business will be ruined and they will starve if they have to pay the author. So, they steal merrily on, and if the author starves, it is just a bad break for him. The indignation, or even sympathy for him is very slight. He is also often the victim of racketeers. If he is a prize-winner, he is frequently dragged through the courts by claimants to what he has done.

Publishers say, quite justly, they are not in business for their health. Huge publishing houses, magnificent offices, and incomes of many are not any indication they have fared so badly. A group of the big ones, a few years ago, got a lime-light banker to analyze their business to the tune of thirty-thousand dollars; at the same time, every one of them was beginning to cut down on the incomes of their writers; their checks were held up on the slightest provocation. During the grand old days, they engaged a lot of so-called specialists who had a wonderful time experimenting with fads, fancies and friends; filling the shelves with stuff that could not be moved. As a contrast, the author of Pollyanna received the princely sum of three hundred dollars. The publishers received hundreds of thousands for the book, including movie rights. A more fair return for what she had produced might have prolonged the writer's life, but she could not get it.

At the present time there is considerable alarm over the type of American literature. It is something to be indignant about. But it is the fault of the public, not the writers. By way of illustration, not long before the war, an insignificant book appeared on the market. It had little to recommend it in any way. Had it gone unnoticed, its author would doubtless have been relegated to the discard heap in a year or so. But, some ladies in Boston banned the book in glowing terms. Immediately it became a best seller. Printers and binders worked overtime to fill the orders. The author was given a contract for a second book, another for a serial in a magazine. Then the work went into the movies and was put over in a big way. At once authors began writing books that would be banned because there was big money in it. The market was flooded. For years it was nearly impossible to sell any manuscript which was not scarlet. Everyone was making money and the books sold. Then came the crash. Books was the first item the newly rich dropped. Now the tide

seems to be turning and school and church heads are protesting against the stuff still handed out.

If club women, churchmen, and so on, would concentrate on expressing their approval of good books, the number of poor ones would soon be eliminated. *But*, every book that is banned has enormous publicity value, and is automatically a best seller at all times—even these times. America has many good writers who have made, and can make the grade, and whose writings will last more than a season. Each one had a hard struggle to get recognition. They have had to compete with shoddy workers who are supposed to be in great demand.

There are, at the present time, hundreds of highly intelligent, capable, hard working men and women in the United States, and particularly in New York City, endowed with the same gift God gave Enoch—the ability to write—to bear witness in one way or another. Their predicament is on a par with that of Edgar Allen Poe when he was a young man. The struggle of each one would fill volumes. They are living as they can, sleeping where they can, and are fortunate if they get even one meal a day. Nearly all of them look like famine victims, or as if they just got up from a long illness.

In the United States, which prides itself on its generosity, culture, intelligence, progress, its advancement, every effort for years to make laws under which its writers can live and do their work a bit easier, has been blocked as viciously as if they were a gang of cut-throats or bomb throwers. They were the first to feel the press of depression, and while every other profession known to modern man, and every kind of non-professional worker, have received help, the American writer is still being shifted from one expert buck-passer to another, without result. Yet, even in what we classify as half barbaric nations, the creator, story-teller, dramatist, poet, since before Homer, is honored. Their places and importance in the scheme of life of present and future are recognized.

Considerable commotion is raised because the creative writer asked to do his work at home. Where should he write but in his home? For generations very few have worked anywhere else. His working hours are long, the tasks he sets himself are arduous, his hours cannot be coded. He has to work at home. Given a decent chance he will produce something worth while; something which will give employment as well as enjoyment to thousands of his fellow men.

Another thoughtless claim is that writers are radical. That too is the fault of the years. The bitterness of their experience is more than sufficient to completely smother everything decent in them; and there is much. They are instinctively shy, greatly prefer conducting themselves like gentlemen, keep their troubles to themselves. But they are learning the galling lesson that to make any progress they *must* run with a band of yelling anarchists; they must join any struggle no matter how inane they know the object to be; they must leap valiantly to the defense of some monster of stupidity.

With the first clap of hard times, jobless men and women made their appeals and demands. Billions of dollars have been spent to relieve the suffering. Very few writers registered. They are highstrung—charity in any guise is out of the question. About a year ago several hundred as mild-mannered, cultured men and women as God ever created, whose plight was pitiful, started to organize. They asked for jobs. They were sent from one expert buck-passer to another, one organization to another, for months, without results. It was not until a woman writer, while asking a simple question in a perfectly dignified way, was given a good kick in the back of the leg by a man she could not see at the CWA headquarters in the Port of Authority Building, that they received any public notice at all. At the same time, rich and prominent men and women were taking up cudgels for striking waiters, striking taxi men, striking laundry men, striking garment workers, to say nothing of a couple of swell lady murderers. There were great mass meetings, radio broadcastings, banquets, speeches of one sort and another. Our public officials hotly denounced cruelties alleged to have occurred thousands of miles away. Here, within a few blocks of them, are hundreds of men and women representatives of the highest profession in the world, their own citizens, suffering for lack of the barest necessities of life. The cost of one of those demonstrations would have provided food and shelter for a good many American writers.

Few writers are ambitious for great wealth, but they have much to contribute to the culture of the country, and are entitled to a certain amount of ease and freedom to do their work. Surely there are enough intelligent Americans capable of realizing the tragedy and injustice of the situation, to come forward and unite to prevent further waste and loss to the nation.

E. J. Craine.

Pagan Soliloquy

The world we knew lies ruined in the dawn,
They say, and lewd Confusion stalks the soul,
Where mists of Doubt advance from pole to pole
The faiths of ages crumble and are gone
Like canvas mountains when the show is done;
And when God dies, and Heaven, and Hell, and Sheol,
Blood-curdling drums that o'er the desert roll
Must drive us to the gulfs of Phlegethon!

They know not there are altars in the mind
Whence incense rises like a cloud of doves!
Their sides inscribed: *Peace, Courage, Patience, Worth.*
Young forms and fair attend, kindling in kind
The lilac fires of Joy in holier loves—
In Courage, and in Justice done on earth!

Brent Allinson.

White Crosses

We traveled through a land of fearful dread,
No sign of any life in its bare girth;
Only a changing sky above our head
And at our feet, a riven, shell-torn earth.
At last we found a woman wracked with grief,
Who led us to a huge, white-dotted place
Where row on row in ghastly bas-relief,
The crosses ran unending into space.

White symbols of world-horror—world disgrace!
Red crosses for the maimed who still live on;
A golden star for mothers who must weep,
A pittance for the treasures that are gone.
A million crosses stare us in the face—
White symbols of world-horror—world-disgrace!

Blanche Cummins Hoeffer

Dr. Stephen S. Wise at Sixty*

One can hardly believe that Dr. Stephen S. Wise has already reached the age of sixty years, for one is inclined to look upon him as the eternally youthful, buoyant spirit that must ever remain strong and alert and cannot grow old or tired. One must always view him as the personification of an ever-renewing vigor, of an ever-sustaining power.

But just as, on the one hand, one is startled by being reminded that Dr. Wise is already entering the seventh decade of his life, so on the other hand, reviewing the many causes he has championed, the many battles he has fought, the many heroic ventures of his career, one is amazed at being reminded that this man is only sixty years old. Dr. Wise has crowded into his life thus far the achievements of a veritable host of men, in fact his attainments and accomplishments bear no comparison with lesser men, any more than one can say that Homer, Virgil, Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, and Goethe have written so many times better than less gifted writers, or that Demosthenes, Cicero, Amos, Jeremiah, and Isaiah have spoken so much more powerfully than weaker men, or that Philo, Seneca, Maimonides, Spinoza, Kant and Hegel have thought so many degrees more clearly than less brilliant minds.

In the realm of genius, be it mental or moral, intellectual or spiritual, there can be no comparison. The rare and extraordinary phenomenon of a truly great man stands out unique, overpowering, awe-inspiring, solitary, if you please, and defies all comparison. Such a one is the one whom Jews and Gentiles throughout all the four corners of the world, notably our own great country, delight to honor on the occasion of his sixtieth birthday.

One can readily understand the eagerness and willingness of ever so many distinguished men and notable groups in various cities seeking to pay this man homage. In New York City, thousands of Jews and Christians united to do him honor, acknowledge his moral and spiritual grandeur, and declare him a leader of men by divine right. That was on March 17, the date of his birth. Other cities have since followed suit. Only a man of the most extraordinary gifts, service and character could have so fascinated and roused so many men and women of pre-eminence and distinction.

Who is Dr. Wise? Everybody in America and millions across the sea know his name. His is a name known to humble porters, hotel clerks, and station masters throughout the land as well as to statesmen, scholars, publicists, and divines; in Europe, crowned heads, presidents and premiers know his name and have heard his voice; and so do dictators, tyrants, oppressors, and self-seeking politicians know of this man, and they, too, have heard his voice and quaked and shrivelled, for he speaks in violent denunciations of greed, duplicity, cruelty, bigotry, and hate. He speaks in the name of standards unsullied and ideals sublime. He is a true and authentic Hebraic voice. It is an echo from Sinai and the hills of Judaea. And Jews and Christians alike recognize a great master's voice and gladly pay him homage.

It was of his great friend Al Smith that our distinguished President used the phrase "Happy Warrior." There is not another man living of whom this honored title can be better and more fittingly used than of Dr. Stephen S. Wise. For though a most lovable, kindly, generous, and humane person by nature, as many can attest, he is never so happy as when he is waging a great fight for a just cause, be it cleaner government in the City of New York or more decent and more liberal social and labor conditions everywhere, be it the high moral purpose of the Allies and America against Teutonic *Schrecklichkeit* in the World War, or a fuller appreciation and realization of Herzlian and Brandeisian philosophy in Zionism, be it his heroic pronouncements for peace or now, especially, the righteous cause of the Jewish people and all civilization against Hitlerian abuse, degradation, vilification, and cruelty—he is ever the Happy Warrior who seems to thrive on combat, although he dearly pays for it all with his precious energy and priceless genius. But it is not the happiness of a man who just loves a fight in and for itself; it is rather the sacred zeal of the knight-errant, the divine sanctification of the Maccabees of old, the extraordinary heroic valor of those who held Jerusalem and later Bethan against the great Roman odds and, though apparently defeated, really conquered the world.

Whenever a great cause is at stake, this man concentrates all his amazing power and terrific energy and supreme moral vision on that cause and his words are like the hammer blows of the mythical Vulcan, or, better, the outcry of protest and correction of the Hebrew prophet. Through the particular cause in question he sees and interprets all life; he envisions all humanity as aided or injured, depending on the triumph or failure of his cherished ideals. He is thus able to a most remarkable degree to concentrate almost wholly on the problem at hand, although other cherished hopes are never lost sight of.

The emergence of the Nazi regime of murder, arson, mendacity, and ferocity, reminiscent of the old-time Furor Tuetonicus, has made of Dr. Wise a veritable arsenal of weapons forged against the ruthless pagan tyrants of humanity and the vicious despoilers of his fellow-Jews. This one man is the moral and spiritual equivalent of a great host, a huge array of implacable foes of that cruel, cowardly, murderous, piratical crew that has stifled all life, liberty, and happiness in the land of Goethe, Schiller, Lessing, Heine, Mann, Ludwig, Feuchtwanger, and Einstein. Dr. Wise thus has a double cause against the Nazis, one in defence of all humanity in general and the other, in defence of the Jewish people in particular. And it is now over a year that he has toiled indefatigably day after day, without rest or comfort or the slightest thought of self, in an effort to remove what the sages of Jewish history have experienced in other barbarous periods, the "Gezerah Raah," the Evil Decree. And nothing less will do with him; he wants peace, but it must be a peace with honor; it is not a question of a few more Jewish lawyers, or physicians or students or merchants. For him, it is a question of the very dignity of human life itself, of Christianity, Judaism, and all religious and moral teachings of the human race. And here there can be no compromise for him who regards life a thousand times worst than death, when robbed of all honor and decency.

More than twenty-five years have rolled by since the brilliant, dashing, eloquent, and deeply religious leader and preacher, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, founded the

*The nation-wide celebration of Rabbi Wise's sixtieth birthday has been a remarkable event which UNITY is proud and happy to commemorate in this article by one of his pupils and colleagues.—Editor.

Free Synagogue of New York City which became, almost from the very beginning, the most celebrated pulpit of America.

The Free Synagogue has indeed a great deal to be joyous over. To be associated, for a quarter of a century, with such an illustrious leader who is famed throughout the land for his great daring, far-sighted vision and prophetic eloquence is verily a cause for celebration. Under Dr. Wise's towering leadership the Free Synagogue, which he called into being, has become synonymous with the most uncompromising pronouncement and most serious efforts at realization of Jewish ideals.

It is truly remarkable to find, on briefly reviewing this period of prophetic service, the glowing idealism of a man who never wavered or faltered in uttering what to him seemed the truth and describing the vision that may be attributed only to the most spiritually blessed of men. It is impossible to do justice to all that Dr. Wise represents. He has been able to crowd into a single ministry activity and service for half a dozen great men.

His amazing and consistent devotion to the Zionist movement from its very inception is a fact that can never be adequately appreciated even by those Zionists who know more than the superficial facts. He espoused the cause when it was infinitely more unpopular than is communism today. In those early days, Zionism was looked upon as undesirable, alien, un-American, at its best indissolubly associated in the minds of the so-called better elements with the malodorous Ghetto, and at its worst identified with atheism, anarchism and general rebelliousness. Dr. Wise threw in his lot with those foreign Jews who spoke Yiddish or English with an East Side accent, but who burned with a love for the ideal recrystallized and revitalized by the magic personality of Dr. Herzl. He did not wait until the movement became socially correct and acceptable. He discerned at once the powerful elements of national revival that the ideal harbored and he enlisted immediately under the banner that a kindred prophetic soul had unfurled. And from that day to this he has given of his bounty and of himself to this great ideal with a most unflagging devotion, a burning zeal and an unshakable optimism.

Older Zionists never tire of telling, with joy and pride, of the distinction and recognition the valiant and impressive young Dr. Wise brought to the Zionist ranks. All that the fervent and intellectual Yiddish speaking Zionists were brilliantly and powerfully proclaiming in the Ghetto but confusedly and ineptly uttering to the Americanized Jews was now given a richness of color and originality of interpretation by the striking young American rabbi whom they regarded as a glorious blending of Apollo and Isaiah. "Now let the world see what grand ideal is ours," thought thousands of Zionists then still inarticulate in the native tongue. They prayed for a prophet who would translate their spirit, interpret their ideal and turn into glory their broken accents—and such a champion and spokesman they found in Dr. Stephen S. Wise. And throughout this period down to our own day Dr. Wise has remained the most significant and the most eloquent champion of the cause in America. Perhaps not until a great biography is written of him, after the manner of Morley's "Gladstone" or Moneypenny and Buckle's "Disraeli," will it ever be known how in a thousand and one ways he has been instrumental in gaining a point or concession for Zionism, how he has drawn into the movement some of the outstanding American personalities through the charm and magnetism of his personality and through his contagious devotion and irresistible persuasiveness; and especially what endless personal sacrifices he has made for the ideal.

Though men of great wealth and high social standing were inevitably drawn to the Free Synagogue, it is the man of moderate means who was given an equal opportunity for service and distinction. This virtually marked a new era in the history of the American temple. A man arose who proclaimed that the House of Prayer was not to be a fortress of the opulent and privileged but a citadel of all those who truly sought God. This attitude may yet thoroughly revolutionize American Judaism and all religion. Prohibitive dues and exacting fees have often made of the temple a rich man's club. "This must change," preached and practiced Dr. Wise. Each man brings as an offering what his heart and purse will allow, "kefee mathnath yado," according to what he can give. The synagogue thus becomes a true temple dedicated to the All-High with a clean conscience and a contrite heart as the prerequisites for admission rather than being an exclusive club or high-priced theatre where money determines one's place. No, the House of God was never meant to be a house of privilege and favor. Gold and silver never brought man near to the Divine. This has been Dr. Wise's contention and he has clung by it as a first principle. He early realized that wealth and station had alienated the economically lower classes away from the synagogue and temple. And if Judaism and Christianity are again to be felt as a vital force in the life of the people, the great reservoir of national strength, the average man and the common people must not be allowed to dry up or become stagnant. The entire people must be our concern and not one special section or group. Dr. Wise has hammered this principle into the code of the Free Synagogue. Perhaps, if there will appear in America during the next generation a score or more men who will be guided by the same ideal, then the myriads of Christians and Jews claimed today by atheism, radicalism and sundry cults will be won back to the church, synagogue and temple.

Virtually as a corollary of the thoroughly equalitarian and democratic spirit of the synagogue follows the incontrovertible principle of pulpit freedom, for it is clear that if the temple is the creation of a few men of power and opulence they will inevitably look upon the rabbi not as their independent spokesman but as their mouthpiece; not as a free and inspired preacher and teacher who interprets the truth as he best sees it but rather as a hireling or circus barker or ventriloquist's dummy. What a pity and shame that so many of our modern clergymen have become toys and pawns in the hands of the *Engastrimanteis* or belly prophets. On this point, as on ever so many others, Dr. Wise would no more compromise than he would barter with the devil or sell his soul. Pulpit freedom he maintains is a *sine qua non* for regenerating the faith and making our religious ideals applicable to our daily lives. And a synagogue or church open to the masses as well as the classes would be the safest guarantee of the prevalence of the prophetic spirit; for though the common people may stray from the path of righteousness they usually recognize the honest soul and true character and will instinctively follow the word of him who is a respecter of ideas rather than of persons and has the

good of all the people at heart rather than cater to the wishes of the favored few.

As another indication of his democratic spirit we have his creation of the American Jewish Congress, which is an epic in itself. He wanted Jewish rights protected everywhere, be it against the Ku Klux of America, the Nazis of Germany, the Cuzists of Roumania, or the Endecks of Poland. Wherever anti-Semitism flourished and bigotry raised its ugly head, there he focussed the world's attention through the glare of pitiless publicity. He saw how Jewish rights were insufficiently protected by those self-appointed notables who spoke with muffled voice, and his heart bled. He wanted representation on a purely democratic basis and the representatives elected would then speak with vigor and firmness, like men. All of Jewish life became his pressing concern. No event, no problem, no question of Jewish import escapes him. This guardian of Israel neither sleeps nor slumbers!

There are indeed many other aspects of Dr. Wise's extraordinary career which entrance and fascinate. Suffice here but to mention his herculean efforts in the hope of purging the political life of the greatest city the world has known of a foulness and corruption as stenchant as the Aegean stables which only a Hercules could cleanse. What has been achieved to date by him and his highly-gifted and great true friend, John Haynes Holmes, in this direction, is already public record. Perhaps millions of dollars and thousands of lives will be saved due to their militant moralism. In this connection, it is of interest to note what tender affection and wonderful comradeship exist between Dr. Wise the Jew and Dr. Holmes the Gentile who are united together in an effort to bring sanity, cleanliness, amity and true fellowship among their fellow-men and in their readiness to eradicate every evil and deviltry that mar man's life. And what is equally magnificent is to see each one refer to the other as the better man, as if there were degrees and gradations in supreme excellence of character and genius. One is reminded of the famous statue of Goethe and Schiller with the wreath of glory gently held by both and each proclaiming to the other: "You deserve it more." We would say: "You both deserve it equally for your extraordinary service to your fellow-men."

There is one more aspect of Dr. Wise's service which may in the long run prove of most permanent value and that is the Jewish Institute of Religion, which celebrates this June twelve years since its founding. For years, the friends and admirers of Dr. Wise urged him to establish a school of learning and training for young Jews who would be prepared for the rabbinate by the most eminent masters available and who would have the wonderful privilege of the daily contact and lasting influence of Dr. Wise himself. The Institute was founded in 1922, and Dr. Wise repeatedly tried to obtain others to accept the presidency, but fortunately his friends finally prevailed upon him to take the leadership himself. And his achievement and influence in the brief period of a decade have been incalculable. There are to date about fifty graduates and when the Institute numbers 100 young rabbis with the militant spirit for a modern, genuine, scholarly, unapologetic, and avowedly national Judaism and true religion burning in their souls, the long fight that Dr. Wise has been waging for the ideals and visions he first beheld will become easier and more certain of victory on his side.

For a quarter of a century he has been a voice crying in the wilderness, often suffering the fate of the Hebrew prophet of old, but the good things of this world, such as wealth and popularity with the select few, never appealed to him. Dr. Holmes well said in his tribute two years ago that Dr. Wise "might have been the darling of the elite," if he were ready to stoop to conquer and wear a muzzle! But instead, this bold and uncompromising prophetic spirit refused to cater and pander; he did not bend the knee to the god Mammon, nor fawn nor truckle but instead denounced and thundered when a great ideal was betrayed, a lofty cause traduced, a sublime purpose sullied. To see him and hear him in one of his grand passionate outcries for justice, liberty, democracy, honor, is to witness one of the wonders of nature. Vesuvius in eruption! The surging water of Niagara Falls! And all that wondrous power of body and spirit, mind and heart he dedicated from the very beginning to the Jewish people, to the American people, and every just cause. He seems prenatally to have been chosen for his sacred calling like the Hebrew prophets and, like them, his lips are touched with fire.

There is the old beautiful legend that the fiery prophet Elijah never died but ascended to Heaven in a flaming chariot and continues to reappear from generation to generation. When we look upon the prophet of New York, we intuitively feel the spirit of Elijah is still alive and still roams the streets. May Heaven spare us this man for many years to come. May we celebrate his golden jubilee of service and devotion to the noblest ideals that the Hebrew and American genius can devise.

RABBI JOSEPH SHOLOM SHUBOW.

The Study Table

Nazis and Jews

For those American liberals who still harbor the suspicion that the current moral condemnation of Germany may have as flimsy a foundation in fact as had the wholesale condemnation of that country during the war years, this present volume should be required reading.* Here is the testimony of nineteen individuals, of widely divergent political and social viewpoints, all united in support of the thesis that the present official régime in Germany constitutes "an assault on civilization." Like most compilations of this sort the volume is of uneven quality; some of the contributions are mere rhetoric and some are too emotional and denunciatory in tone to be of any value in the quest for the truth regarding the workings of the Third Reich. What is important is that several of the chapters are written by competent and objective first-hand observers of the German scene whose facts and judgment are to be relied upon. It is impossible to conceive of anyone reading these portions of the book without coming to the conclusion that the underlying philosophy of Hitler and the Nazis is a menace to the civilization man has painfully wrought upon this earth through centuries of time.

Curiously, the three most important chapters are all written by women. Dorothy Thompson, who speaks

*"Nazism: An Assault on Civilization": edited by Pierre Van Paassen and James Waterman Wise; Smith & Haas, $2.50.

with the authority of one long versed in German affairs through her connection as an American correspondent in that country, recites the record of persecution in a manner which can leave small doubt as to what is happening to the minority groups in the "new" Germany. Miriam Beard, daughter of the distinguished American historian, Charles A. Beard, supplies us with important and highly significant quotations from "Mein Kampf," which were deleted from the emasculated American edition. Dr. Alice Hamilton of the Harvard Medical School, whose recent articles in the *Survey-Graphic* are among the finest things written about the present situation, here tells of the disastrous effect of Nazism on the status of women. These three articles alone, written by competent and discerning women, are an overwhelming indictment of the Nazi *credo*.

While these chapters form the highlights of the book, there are several other important contributions which add to the ever-mounting volume of evidence against the Nazis. John Haynes Holmes marshals in telling fashion the sources of our present information about Germany and adds a vigorous indictment of Fascism in general; Bernard S. Deutsch quotes voluminously from the record to show the frightful discrimination against the Jew; I. A. Hirschman shows what is happening to a culture dominated by Aryan ideals, especially in the field of music; Albert Brandt uncovers the story of Nazi propaganda in America. But perhaps the most important service of the book is to show us that Nazism is much more than a mere campaign against certain so-called undesirable groups such as the Jews or the Communists; it is more, as Dorothy Thompson notes, than persecution of specific groups—it is general persecution of all individualism. That is the danger and the menace of the totalitarian state wherever it may appear—in Germany, Italy or Russia—that the individual spirit will be crushed by rigid standardization and regimentation. What this book does is to relate vividly and startlingly one more chapter in the age-old story of the State versus Man.

The present situation in Germany, with its recurrence of prejudice against the Jew, makes timely the publication of Mr. Lewis Browne's "How Odd of God."† This is not only a splendid short history of the Jewish people but it is as well a brilliant analysis of the whole problem of race prejudice as it relates to the Jews. A Jew himself and a former rabbi, Mr. Browne is to be applauded for discussing this difficult problem with rare objectivity and in a fine scientific spirit. One of the best sections in the book is that devoted to disproving the claims of pseudo-scientists that there is a distinct Jewish type which compares unfavorably with other racial types such as the Nordic; a good Nazi would refuse to believe it, but it is sober scientific fact that not even the aquiline nose is a distinctive mark of the Jewish type. Mr. Browne's resumé of the finding of modern anthropologists, showing that there are no clearly demarcated races but only vaguely differentiated racial blends, is an excellent piece of work.

A goodly portion of this book will probably be offensive to orthodox and liberal alike among Mr. Browne's brethren, for he has some pretty harsh things to say of both. He seems to feel that the pietist Jew, that is, the deeply orthodox, is clinging to something that is "dark and scabrous with superstition," and that the religion of the reform Jew is a diluted and ineffectual version of a once living faith; his final conclusion is that "Judaism as a determining factor in the everyday life of the Jews seems doomed," and one gathers that he does not altogether disapprove.

In a book as generally brilliant and stimulating as this it is perhaps carping to point out what seem to be some shortcomings in Mr. Browne's reasoning, but in a few instances his analysis seems incomplete and his conclusions not altogether logical. He states, for example, that there are many Jews of indisputable worth who take no particular pride in their race and want to be free to do their work as men unhindered, but that a Gentile world insists on reminding them of their origin. This is very true but he should have added that their fellow-Jews are themselves pretty good at reminding them. Who is not aware of the professional type of Jew who glories in his Jewishness and wants to claim all the famous people in history from Christopher Columbus to Fiorella LaGuardia as Jews, and whose attempt to create the fiction of Jewish superiority is as ludicrous as the Gentile's theory of the Jews' inferiority? In a book which so scrupulously takes account of the factors which help to isolate the Jew from the rest of his fellows it is unfortunate that the fact of this aggressive insistence on race on the part of a certain class of Jews should be overlooked.

And then Mr. Browne's assertion that ill feeling between Jew and Gentile is largely based on the fact that the Jews are city folk and that all Gentiles are still country-minded would seem to be an over-simplification of the problem. He feels that it is highly important that the Jews become de-urbanized, and seems to have a good deal of faith in the re-settling of Palestine as a solution of the problem. But while his theory of city versus country may hold good in America, where the Gentiles as a whole might possibly be described as still country-minded, it would hardly apply to European countries where great numbers of them have inhabited the cities for centuries and where prejudice is no less strongly entrenched than in this country. And as Dr. D. deSola Pool has pointed out, how would Mr. Browne explain in the light of his theory the analogous prejudice against gypsies who are admittedly one of the least urban of peoples?

On the whole, however, "How Odd of God" is a provocative and continually fascinating account of a great people, lucid in analysis, capable in scholarship and written with fine literary distinction.

MORTIMER BREWSTER SMITH.

†"How Odd of God": Lewis Browne; The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

A "Gandhi of Chemistry"

Through his autobiography* and remarks on urgent Indian problems, we discover in Sir P. C. Ray an aspect of the Hindu which surprises us more than the great soul and unique methods of Gandhi. Here is a man who in the fields of science and industry parallels the Mahatma by his faith in India's fundamental qualities, by having the same tremendous capacity for hard work in spite of physical handicaps, by essentially the same dogged hounding of Truth.

If you are a student of Gandhi and have come to think of him as an individual superman capable of being detached from India's masses, Ray's book will make you jump. Your first jump will be of

*"Life and Experiences of a Bengali Chemist." By Prafulla Chandra Ray. Calcutta, Chuckervertty Chatterjee & Co. 1932. Rupees 5.

surprise at finding so much in Ray's personality that recalls Gandhi. Your second jump will be to a fresh interpretation of the Mahatma as arch-representative, inseparable from the soul of India. With that fresh understanding it will be impossible for you to be devoted to Gandhi's world meaning yet indifferent to the masses he represents.

Ray divides his 550 page book into his life story and discussions of educational, industrial and social problems. In none of it is he in the least sentimental or eloquently excited. He is not even personal in the sense that we like biographies to be. He tells details in a way that makes you feel clearly how indifferent he is to himself as individual, and how interested he is in helping the young men of his country to free themselves of complexes, to "snap out of it" on the road to success. This constant intention, coupled with an equally constant faith in the utility of Truth in the form of statistics and facts, give the book a peculiar value to those anxious to know India. It is a relief after the eloquently bitter pleas of politicians for Indian freedom. Yet, like Gandhi's always calm writings, it leads to the same political conclusion, though unwillingly. By the time you reach the chapters dealing with such themes as "the insane craze for university education," "economic conditions of rural Bengal," "the baneful effect of the caste system on Hindu society," the gospel of the spinning wheel, the failure of industrial enterprises in India—by the time you reach these discussions, you have concluded that Sir P. C. Ray is more likely to give reviews than views.

Here are no generalities. Instead of accusing he tells the story of some industry's birth and fight for life, and death through unfair competition from abroad.

Popular leaders have rarely dared criticize their own people as he does Indians in almost every chapter of the book. His constant reference to Western authors such as our Edison, Emerson and Lincoln indicates on the other hand how devoted he is to Western civilization. When this founder of Asia's greatest pharmaceutical factory champions his country we can take what he says without the customary grain of salt.

WILLIAM D. ALLEN.

The Sword of France

France's glamorous dashing paladin of the Hundred Years War, Bertrand du Guesclin, thunders his way across Mr. Vercel's pageant pages* in an epic drama whose background is the sunset of chivalry, and whose theme is the salvation of France. A career which ought to be familiar to most moderns—but unfortunately is not—furnishes every needed pretext for sketching briefly its principal outlines: therefore we proceed at once to resumé Messire du Guesclin, the Sword of France.

A vigorous overture by another than the author opens the production and evokes as well the supporting cast: Charles the Wise; Pedro of Aragon; Don Enrico, its true king; Edward of England; the revolted marchands Van Artvelde and Etienne Marcel; John the Good; Charles the Bad of Navarre; Lancaster; Froissart; the Black Prince —after which Mr. Vercel's mighty melodrama marches swiftly on its destined way, lit by the sulphurous fires of arson, pillage, and rapine, from the (almost) miraculous birth of its hero, together with his bellicose Caliban boyhood, through a *condottierri* warfare in the enchanted woods of Broceliande where his military genius first flowered, into the vaster battlefields of the Hundred Years War, while dolorous dirges sound the enslavement of France. And here, after his daring debut at the deliverance of Paris from Navarre's encircling hosts, Bertrand du Guesclin, now Count of Longueville, seizes the fleur-de-lis banner in his brawny hands and, mounting his mailed charger, bears the standard for Charles the Wise through the thick and thunder of this tremendous Armageddon of his age, until truce lowers the lances and sheathes all the swords—a truce which sees France nearly purged of her enemies, united and militant under her sage monarch.

Beginning (to make a twice-told tale) with his glorious defeat and capture at Auray, the lusty Bertrand, now High Constable, hews his valiant way about France, smiting England's ally, Pedro, the Cruel, from the Spanish throne with one blow of his battle axe; liberating the entire realm of France from the Loire to the Gironde in a series of smashing attacks; laying about him to such good purpose that when, at the beck of his King, he lays down his arms, Englishry boasts of no more French soil than the cities of Bordeaux, Bayonne, and Calais. And when later, grounding arms forevermore before the fortress of Chateauneuf prepared to open him its portals at the very moment of his death, the keys of that city, denied to his successor, are deposited with sacerdotal honors upon the battered body, destined for interment at St. Denis beside the Kings of France.

An epic in very truth! And amidst it all, Mr. Vercel has preserved the simplicity of style, the pageantry of portrayal, the grandeur of sweep, which alone could befit this tremendous drama of the Homeric age of French chivalry. Nothing is lacking to make the spectacle splendid; trumpets, sieges, marching hosts, chained chieftains, blazing cities. Through it all, at the head of his *Coquillards,* a Dantesque colossus in armor, gallops Bertrand of Brittany, hideous, lovely, ferocious, tender, audacious, cunning, dreadsome with the towering greatness of his lion's heart; an amalgam, picturesque beyond belief, of Attila, Coeur de Lion, Bayard, and Robin Hood. Forerunner of the Maid who was to achieve what he so nobly had begun, he might with equal truth be called the Sword of God; but all who have witnessed the pageant will at once concur in the title—more human if less ideal, yet, for that very reason far dearer to us—*the Sword of France.*

R. C. SCHALLER.

Preparing for Internationalism

Although "American Enlightened Imperialism"† was obviously written for a pre-Rooseveltian audience, when there was serious talk of economic ex-

*"Bertrand of Brittany." By Roger Vercel. Yale University Press, 1934. $3.00.

† "American Enlightened Imperialism" and essays on our cultural relations with India, Philippines, China. By William Dangaix Allen. 1933. Universal Publ. Co., New York. $2.

pansion, it still suggests a new technique for preparing ourselves for world citizenship.

Mr. Allen spent five years after college studying in one country of the world after the other with the definite purpose of creating in himself a truly international instinct, a sense of relative values and understanding. In the main essay of this book he has coordinated this pioneer experience into a formula of education which he claims would create a group of Americans capable of guiding expansion without harming other nations. It is obvious that the author started with a liberal bias, found the country growing in imperialistic thought and tried to save the day by placing imperialism on a liberal foundation. He estimates that such a study trip would cost less than college education at home.

Mr. Allen's presentation is labyrinthian, sometimes excessively concise, sometimes repetitious. But for those interested either in pedagogics or in American cultural contacts with the Orient, the many short essays contained here are a revelation of fields untouched. The fact that most of them appeared in Chinese or Indian publications adds to our confidence in his frankly tentative, frequently iconoclastic discussions.

HARIDAS T. MUZUMDAR.

An English Visitor in America

Professor L. P. Jacks, erstwhile principal of Manchester College, Oxford and erudite editor of the *Hibbert Journal,* philosopher of parts and frequent visitor to American shores, has epitomized his experiences in a volume he calls "My American Friends."*

It is a pleasant variation from the fly by night lecturer, summing up his gibes, in the flippant manner of our younger intelligentsia, and yet it is something of a disappointment as coming from the pen of so distinguished a scholar, in that it contains nothing that is fundamental.

The book would best please the tired reader of ponderous tomes upon the impending decline of western civilization, for it is a leisurely, urbane, pleasant volume.

The author is evidently fond of America and is only occasionally paternal, chastising the child of whom he is fond, for its own good. He dislikes what most Europeans and, parenthetically, all civilized Americans dislike equally—racketeers, jazz, city noise, Hollywood's aberrations, etc.

His comment upon political apathy strikes a deeper and more important chord, albeit his comments upon it give no clue to a solution.

As a lecturer and writer upon "recreation" his references to America's tendencies to put this problem into the forefront are naturally laudatory.

There are interesting chapters upon "The Rhodes Scholars" and upon "America, the Self-Critical." Professor Jacks' comment upon the results to date of the Rhodes Scholarship experiment are more optimistic than is the general concept and the chapter might well be commended to the earnest attention of W. R. Hearst.

All in all, a pleasant book and possibly the better because it is neither a dismal tome nor a pollyannish eulogism.

EMANUEL STERNHEIM.

* "My American Friends." By L. P. Jacks. Published by the Macmillan Co. New York. $2.00.

A Religious Debate

The book† under discussion is couched in the form of a debate. As such it has the natural defects of a debate. Each writer gives the impression of being more desirous of gaining a clever advantage over his opponent than of proving the truth of his contention. Furthermore, anyone who has reached the position of a Liberal in religion, even if only well over to the left, will feel that here is much shadow boxing, much debate over questions which do not reach down to the fundamental issue in such a controversy. That issue is the possibility of a revelation of the supernatural, divine God, to a natural man, or men. If one contends that it is possible, he must assume as his major premise always the existence of the very thing which he is trying to prove. Or, after the contention has been proved to the satisfaction of the debater, namely, that the finite man has received a supernatural revelation, then it becomes, or has become an experience of the finite man, which again by hypothesis is a finite and not an infinite experience. And so on, in an endless round.

The only possible value in such a book as this is that it contains a summary of arguments on both sides which may serve as an arsenal for any one who is called upon to use controversial weapons in religious discussion.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

† "Is Christianity True?" By C. E. M. Joad and Arnold Lunn. Lippincott.

Correspondence

A Personal Word from Europe

(Editorial Note: The following passage is taken from a private letter written by a mid-European resident of long experience and wide knowledge. For obvious reasons his name is not given.)

Dear J. H. H.:

. . . It seems ages since I last heard from you, but of course every fortnight I am in close touch with you mentally and spiritually through UNITY. What a ray of light UNITY is in a rather gloomy world! Living in these parts, one almost loses heart and becomes despondent over the future of democracy and the stability of freedom and liberty, when along comes UNITY and fires one again with the old zeal and energy to battle against reaction, oppression and the power of might. Right and justice men have ceased to believe in . . .

Affairs in Germany are sad enough regarding the treatment of Jews and certain political groups, and yet the average German one meets, with his mass psychology, is happy and content. The same is true in Italy regarding the Fascist regime; and now in Austria, with its civil war and imprisonments and bloodshed, there is a forced calm, and the average middle-class Austrian is calling out "All is well." Where are we going, with small Fascist groups even in England, Hungary, and Switzerland? In France, there is a spirit of revolution, and as business is bad, foreigners are being turned out, and it is feared some of the political and Jewish refugees there must seek another place of shelter. . . . The League of Nations has lost caste, and I know officials in Geneva who feel they are frauds in taking a salary from something they have ceased to believe in . . .

X. Y. Z.

The Field

(*Continued from page* 122)

der-Creusot, the large French company which owns the French newspapers that cry most loudly for French "security" against Germany.

These are but two out of thousands of examples showing how the huge armament companies have prolonged the wars of their own creation. It is the natural thing for these companies to do. Their profits depend upon the world's preparing for war, or, preferably, its actually going to war. They have built up huge organizations, which must go to pieces when war preparations cease. As long as private armament firms are allowed to continue in business, they will create and prolong wars by selling to both sides.—*Minnesota Daily.*

Curbing the Armament Industry

By H. C. Engelbrecht

Dr. Engelbrecht is co-author of "Merchants of Death," a sensational exposure of the arms industry published by Dodd, Mead and Co.

What can be done about the armament industry? It stands convicted even by the League of Nations report of a dozen dangerous practices which obstruct peace and lead to war. Nationalization of the industry and international control are frequently demanded by the peace forces, but both of these are by no means as simple as they appear to be and both of them have repeatedly been rejected as useless by realistic peace leaders. Perhaps an analysis of the business record of the arms makers will point the way by which they can be curbed.

I. Peace-Time Sales. About 90 per cent of all armament sales in time of peace are made to home governments. A country either has a powerful arms company (Germany has Krupp; France has Schneider-Creusot; Great Britain has Vickers-Armstrong, etc.) or it persuades one of the great arms makers to establish a branch factory within its borders. At least 90 per cent of peace-time sales never appear in export figures. Hence the League of Nations statistics on peace-time international armament sales are either a curious bit of ignorance or a deliberate "red herring."

The best figures available (and there is no way of checking their accuracy) show that French arms exports amount to an annual $60,000,000, Great Britain's to $42,000,000, Czechoslovakia's to $30,000,000, those of the United States to $15,000,000, and those of Italy to $12,000,000. The total peace-time arms exports of all countries amount to about $200,000,000 a year, a ridiculously small amount compared to the almost $2,000,000,000 spent annually by all countries for armaments. The total military budget of the world is at least $4,500,000,000 to $5,000,000,000 a year.

The inference is obvious. Since 90 percent of peace-time arms sales are to home governments, one way to curb the arms maker is to reduce military budgets.

II. War-Time Sales. Some day, let us hope, there will be available adequate studies of the sales and profits of the arms makers in war. No such thing exists today. Still there are certain figures available from the World War which show that war-time traffic in arms is enormously profitable. Sir Basil Zaharoff, "super-salesman of death," sold $7,000,000,000 worth of war material during the vast conflict. In this country the World War created 21,000 new millionaires; DuPont stock rose from $20 to $1.000 a share. No modern war could last very long without widespread sale of arms by the neutrals. Various treaties and even the provisions of international law provide for free and uninterrupted sale of arms.

III. Disarmament. Disarmament, or even reduction of armament, would automatically bring about a great reduction in the peace-time business of the arms makers and would undoubtedly prevent many wars. That is, it would strike at the most prolific sources of profit of the arms industry. The "menace of disarmament" is very clear to this group and they are doing all they can to block all moves in this direction. In France and Belgium the arms industry owns the most influential newspapers and uses these to point out the "danger" of disarmament. At Geneva we have not only witnessed the activities of the American shipbuilders through their agent Shearer, but also another curious phenomenon. Both the French and the British delegates to the Geneva conferences included men directly or indirectly interested in armament companies and in one famous instance the president of a French submarine company, as delegate to Geneva, blocked all action against submarines. It is clear that any success of the peace forces in reduction of armaments will also help to reduce the power of the arms industry. In its final analysis, the problem of the arms maker is the problem of getting rid of war. But this involves attack on economic forces more powerful than the arms industry.—*World Events.*

Rev. Harry Taylor, Congregational Church, Pittsfield, New Hampshire, is open for offer of exchange of parsonage and pulpit for summer months.

Utility Trust & Munition Profiteers

How They Have Plundered the American People

THE BIG PRIVATE utility interests of the nation have a record of stock watering and consumer exploitation that is shocking to behold.

In another field the munitions and armament makers are bucking the big navy and army drives for huge appropriations, knowing full well that to embark this great nation on a policy of militarism will swell their own profits and prepare the way toward dragging the United States into another world war to their own vast enrichment.

It is time that intelligent people of the nation struck back with a new vigor at these selfish, profit greedy interests—the utility trust and the munitions trust. Therefore, in early issues, The Progressive, La Follette's great national weekly newspaper, which accepts no paid advertising, will run a series of special articles showing how these interests are plundering the American people—printing facts about them and their hypocrisy that advertising subsidized newspapers dare not print—exposing their enormous profits and unethical business methods.

If you will send 20c for a three month trial subscription to The Progressive you will receive all the special articles covering the complete expose, both of the munition trust and the utility trust. Address The Progressive Publishing Co., Madison, Wis.—Adv.